

Vol. IV — No. 12

The Pathfinder

JUNE, 1910

Poems of
Thomas S. Jones, Jr.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE
FIFTY CENTS A YEAR · TEN CENTS A COPY

Entered at the post-office at Sewanee as second-class matter

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subscriptions for volume four, beginning July, 1909, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After January 1 the rate will be one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies purchased privately have sold for three dollars each.

Of volume two there are less than fifty copies on hand. The price of this is now two dollars.

The price of volume three is one dollar.

Unless notified to discontinue at the expiration of a subscription, it is assumed that the subscription is continued.

Remittances may be sent in stamps, but Money-Order is preferred.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE

TO T. S. J., JR.—ON READING

HIS SONNETS

By Clinton Scollard

THE POETRY OF THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

POEMES OF THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

MURILLO

By George B. Rose

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

REPRINT FROM VICTOR COUSIN

The subscription price is Fifty Cents a year, or Seventy-five Cents when sent to a foreign country. Single copies are Ten Cents.

All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.

VOLUME FOUR

The editor begs to announce for volume four of THE PATHFINDER the following prose articles : Under the general title of *Aspects of Recent Prose-Writers*, two of which have already appeared, *e. g.* Benson and Arnold, Mr. Julian Park, of Williams College, will write on Ruskin, Hearn, Wilde, Henley, Symonds and Hardy ; Mr. G. B. Rose will continue his art essays with criticisms on Poelemburg, Albert Moore, Palma Vecchio, Mantegna and Albert Dürer ; Miss Jeannette Marks, of Mt. Holyoke College, will contribute a series of short essays under the title *Lyra Mortis : the English Pastoral Elegy* ; brief appreciations of the pastoral lyric from the pen of one of America's most delightful writers in that field, J. R. Hayes, of Swarthmore College ; a series on the French lyric by the editor ; occasional articles on subjects pertinent to the purpose of the little journal have been promised by some of the leading English and American essayists.

THE PATHFINDER in its inclusion of poetry will endeavor to maintain the general level of excellence which has won for it the high approval of a well-known English poet.

During the year special numbers will be devoted to Tennyson and Petrarca.

The Pathfinder

Vol. IV]

JUNE, 1910

No. 12]

TO T. S. J., JR.

ON READING HIS SONNETS

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

I can recall within some orient land,
Where every dawn is like a golden psalm,
How in a mosque beneath a stately palm
I saw a rare mosaic deftly planned : —
Marble as stainless as is Beauty's hand ;
Deep chrysoberyl glistening like the calm
Of ocean ; agate like the tufted balm
Burning in August woods when noons are bland.
Aye, and the burnished bosom of the jade,
The violet veins of lapis-lazuli,
The topaz-heart that holds the sun in fee ; —
Thus is your song-mosaic interlaid,
Not only lovely to the outer eye,
But to the inner sense a harmony !

THE POETRY OF THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

Author of *The Young American Poets*.

The essence of all fine and subtle things is to leave them unprofaned by definition, and it is precisely in this reserve, this spiritual reticence, that the work of Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., has its beauty and distinction. Mr. Jones has the gift of suggestion, of invoking the mood without analyzing it, which gives to his work a delicacy of feeling and fineness of touch at variance with the technique of modern verse, which tends more and more to elaboration. In this regard he has a strong affinity with Housman and Miss Reese, though, in the main, unaffected by their manner. Indeed, when he trusts himself wholly, as in the lyric "I went back an old-time lane," or *The Little Ghosts* or *Sometimes*, letting the mood convey itself in all its sheer simplicity, his individual note is at once apparent. Along this line lies, unmistakably, his personal gift.

Modern poetry in its intricacy of form has strayed so far from the unaffected candor of the early lyrists that verse having this lucidity, this directness, has at once an appeal beyond a more

self-conscious art. It is the charm of Mr. Jones' work that many of his lyrics have a lucid song-quality, and by virtue of this, and their invariably delicate motive, have been given exquisite musical settings by well-known composers.

Mr. Jones has published four books of verse, *The Path o' Dreams*, *The Rose-Jar*, *From Quiet Valleys*, and a small volume called *Interludes*. Each volume turns more completely from the oracles of others to his own illumination, each is informed with a finer perception of beauty, a truer vision, a sincerer technique, and while an art that tends so much to delicacy of expression and subtilization of mood must lose something of the passion, the primal emotion, that belongs to poetry of a ruddier note, it gains that impalpable quality that renders poetry a spiritual thing.

Although Mr. Jones has written delightfully of nature, now with graphic picturing, now with infectious note, as in the lyric, "O little buds all bourgeoning with Spring," which is instinct with the gladness of Herrick,—his most significant themes are subjective, and turn with a certain wistful insistence, akin to the Celt, upon the fugitive passions of yesterday and the illusive

dreams of tomorrow. Was it not the spirit of youth that Watts-Dunton had in mind when he coined his magical phrase the "Renaissance of Wonder"—youth addressing itself to the enigma of desire and pain and death? This old enigma, this new conjecture, one finds in Mr. Jones' verse, but despite his subjective relation of life, his work is not melancholy nor negative. It belongs with the affirmative things, as his heartening and beautiful sonnet *Joyous-Gard*, for example, must attest.

One may not, in brief compass, speak in detail of Mr. Jones' poems: an instinctive sense of form, a sensitive feeling for rhythm and phrase, distinguishes all his work. Technically, if one were to sum it up in a word, it would no doubt be delicacy; spiritually, it would be subtlety. Its appeal is to those who believe in the reserve of the spirit; it has no word for those who demand of the poet a fuller revelation.

NOTE.—The following poems by Thomas S. Jones, Jr., have been selected from his volumes of verse: *The Path o' Dreams*, *The Rose-Far*, *From Quiet Valleys*, *Interludes*, and *From the Heart of the Hills* (with Clinton Scollard); and are here reprinted with the kind permission of his publisher, George William Browning, Clinton, N. Y.

POEMS OF THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

AS IN A ROSE-JAR

As in a rose-jar filled with petals sweet
Blown long ago in some old garden place
Mayhap, where you and I, a little space
Drank deep of love and knew that love was fleet—
Or leaves once gathered from a lost retreat
By one who never will again retrace
Her silent footsteps— one, whose gentle face
Was fairer than the roses at her feet;

So, deep within the vase of memory
I keep my dust of roses fresh and dear
As in the days before I knew the smart
Of time and death. Nor aught can take from me
The haunting fragrance that still lingers here—
As in a rose-jar, so within my heart!

THE LITTLE GHOSTS

Where are they gone, and do you know
If they come back at fall o' dew,
The little ghosts of long ago,
That long ago were you?

And all the songs that ne'er were sung,
And all the dreams that ne'er came true,
Like little children dying young—
Do they come back to you?

A YESTERDAY

I held you in my arms — so happy I,
Who quite forgot the while that moments fly;
Nor ever dreamed that they could pass away,
Till it was yesterday.

Yet, just because that hour was long ago
And seems to me so near — well, this I know
That sometime I shall clasp your hand and say:
Was there a yesterday?

THE PIPER

We danced and sang through the sylvan glade
As the piper played, as the piper played,
With never a thought of the joy he made,
For his squeaking pipe was quaintly small
And the rasping notes would break and fall;
We thought it quite poor if we thought at all
As the piper played.

The shadows were long in the sylvan glade
As the price we paid, as the price we paid.
We had little to give, else he might have stayed;
But others must dance while he must play.
Yet it seemed so strange he went away,
For we didn't then know we had lived our day
And the price was paid.

THE ISLAND

There is an island in the silent sea,
Whose marge the wistful waves lap listlessly —
An isle of rest for those who used to be.

For ne'er an echo wakes that towering wall,
Whose blackened crags answer none other call
Save the lone ocean's rhythmic rise and fall.

Only the song the sea sings as she laves
That sleep-bound shore with sad caressing waves,
The while the dead sleep sweeter in their graves.

'Tis oh! so still they sleep within each tomb,
Cool in long shadows of the cypress gloom,
Breathing in death the moon-flower's rank perfume.

They know not when slow barges on the mere
Enter the portals of that place austere —
Enter, and so forever disappear!

And in this island of a silent sea,
Whose marge the wistful waves lap listlessly,
Is rest,—is peace for all eternity.

YOUTH

I shall remember then,
At twilight time or in the hush of dawn,
Or yet, mayhap, when on a straying wind
The scent of lilac comes, or when
Some strain of music startles and is gone.

Old dreams, old roses, all so far behind,
Blossoms and birds and ancient shadow-trees,
Whispers at sunset, the low hum of bees,
And sheep that graze beneath a summer sun.
Will they too come, they who in yester-year
Walked the same paths and in the first of Spring,
And shall I hear
Their distant voices murmuring?

I shall remember then
When youth is done,
With the dim years grown gray;
And I shall wonder what it is that ends,
And why they seem so very far away —
Old dreams, old roses . . . and old friends.

TRÄUMEREI

There is a place of dreams, dear, a place of dreams
Where you and I, my head upon your breast,
Ride toward the South. Far in the yellow West
There is a fading light, while o'er the moonlit sky
The clouds fly from the wind; and you and I
Just dream together, dreaming thus to rest
Forever and a day in that far place of dreams.

SOMETIMES

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play —
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

JOYOUS-GARD

Wind-washed and free, full-swept by rain and wave,
By tang of surf and thunder of the gale,
Wild be the ride yet safe the barque will sail

—
And past the plunging seas her harbor brave;
Nor care have I that storms and waters rave,
 I cannot fear since you can never fail —
 Once have I looked upon the burning grail,
And through your eyes have seen beyond the grave
I know at last — the strange, sweet mystery,
 The nameless joy that trembled into tears,
 The hush of wings when you were at my side —
For now the veil is rent and I can see,
 See the true vision of the future years,
 As in your face the love of Him who died!

—

TWO SONGS IN SPRING

I

O little buds all bourgeoning with Spring
 You hold my winter in forgetfulness;
Without my window lilac branches swing,
Within my gate I hear a robin sing —
 O little laughing blooms that lift and bless!

So blow the breezes in a soft caress,
 Blowing my dreams upon a swallow's wing;
O little merry buds in dappled dress,
You fill my heart with very wantonness —
 O little buds all bourgeoning with Spring!

II

At hint of Spring I have you back again —
 The blush of apple-blossoms on the bough,
A scent of buds far sweeter for the rain . . .
At hint of Spring I have you back again,
 And all of time is lost since then and now.

Your voice is hidden in the thrush's song,
And in the south-wind's slumbering refrain;
You needs must come, love is so very strong,
And we who found each other waited long —
At hint of Spring I have you back again!

AT THE WINDOW

I looked out of my window tall
And laughed to see the May,
For everything both great and small
Was on a holiday.

Then love came by and laughed at me,
And I forgot the Spring —
Only I know the ecstasy
Of madly listening.

And now the branches all again
Are red with vernal May,
But tears have dimmed the window-pane —
And no one comes my way.

MAY-EVE

Over the hill, over the hill,
The dews are wet and the shadows long,
Twilight lingers and all is still
Save for the call of a faery-song.

Calling, calling out of the west,
Over the hill in the dusk of day,
Over the hill to a land of rest,
A land of peace with the world away.

Never again where grasses sweep,
And lights are low, and the cool brakes still —
Never a song, but a dreamless sleep,
Over the hill . . . over the hill.

A VOICE FROM THE FAR AWAY

I heard a voice from the far away
Softly say this to me :—
“You will find the heart of the world some day
And the why of the things that be ;
You will see the grief of the yea and nay
And the price of frailty.
“And upon your lute you will weave a theme
Which the world will harken and know,
For every note of the song will teem
With a great soul’s overflow—
You will speak the meaning within a dream
And the pain in the afterglow.
“But for all of this there’s a price to pay,
’Tis the price of minstrelsy,
You will never have of the things you play,
Sad singer of poetry,
And throughout your life you will go for aye
Heart-hungry and silently !”
I heard a voice from the far away
Softly say this to me.

THE PINES

In lofty galleries of greenery
They rise and meet the azure of the sky,
A pillared nave whose arches frail and high

Breath with an organ's solemn melody ;
Now like the minor surging of the sea,
Or low and faint as wings that startle by —
As sweet-tuned winds that quaveringly sigh
Adown dim aisles of cloistered pageantry.

While through the stretches of this lovely fane
The swaying censers shed a drowsy smell
Heavy with some rare fragrance from afar,
Upon the pavement falls the sunset's stain,
The dusk creeps on . . . softly a twilight bell . . .
And now, the altar-candle of a star!

A DESERTED VILLAGE

It stands upon the edge of yesterday,
Remote, forgotten in the years since sped,
Its ghostly houses all untenanted,
Its moss-grown streets fallen to rank decay ;
Sometimes a vagrant sheep may idly stray
Adown its lonely lanes, but never tread
Of human step — none save the simple dead,
Who sleep behind the hill the hours away.
For this I think — that in the first of Spring,
Or 'neath the wonder of the summer's moon,
When all things speak of Youth's remembering,
When all is fair because the time is June —
They come again and wander to and fro,
Those quaint dear people of the long ago.

SAIDA

We passed along the high-road, you and I,
Though I remember not the place nor when ;

Only the wonder of your face, and then
That you passed by.

But that was long ago, and I forget:
Perhaps 'twere better that I went alone,
You might not e'er have loved me had you known,
And yet, and yet —

FROM THE HILLS

For you the white-wracked waste — yet not for me —
The roar of tempests and the storm-god's song,
All that is sad and strange and sweet at sea,
All that is fierce and strong.

I too have tasted of the salt-sea wine
And heard a-riot the wild winds at play;
The heart's full beat, the joyous anodyne
Of salt-sea spray.

This, this at last — a quiet intervale,
Kissed by soft lights and gladdened by the sun;
You, of the curling surf, the blast the gale —
I, of oblivion.

I KNOW A QUIET VALE

I know a quiet vale where faint winds blow
The silver poplar-branches all awry,
And ne'er another sound comes drifting by
Save where the stream's cool waters softly flow,
Only wild roses riot there and throw
Their perfume recklessly, the while on high
Great snowy clouds pillow the smiling sky
And cast frail shadows on the grass below.

All is the same, the summer stillness dreams
In idleness across the sunny leas,
Until for very drowsiness it seems
The wind has gone to sleep within the trees —
Yet we once laughed at what the years might bring,
And now I am alone, remembering.

TO WILD-ROSES

The wild-rose riots and the lichens cling
And all o'errun with tangled brier and thorn,
Within the alder still the thrushes sing
Because they know not change nor things outworn.

Tangle and wild-rose and a ruined wall,
Silence and sunlight and a voiceless pain,
The haunting smell of roses and the fall
Of leaves full-blown that will not bud again.

E. A. MacD.

WITHAL

What if the miles stretch out and bar
That you and I should meet? Why, even still
You are beneath this very moon and star
Which I am watching from my lonely hill,
And I can say low with a happy thrill;
You are not far, dear heart, you are not far.

LONGING

Can this be Summer, though the gentle heat
Has swept the roses on a wind of June,

And borne their fragrance to my aimless feet
That go unheeding 'neath a ghostly moon

And all the poplars vague and motionless,
And all the lights soft in a silver gray ;
Can this be so, and with such loveliness,—
Can this be Summer, dear, with you away ?

So hushed, so quiet where the shadows throng
Across the pool between the starlight's stain,
Watching in silence all the still night long,
Watching in silence, and for you in vain.

Summer and starlight and an hour grown late,—
And you who will not come, and I who wait !

IN ARCADY

Although 'tis but a memory,
Still in the days of long ago
We tended sheep in Arcady.

Then were we both of fancy free
And laughing youth had much to show,
Although 'tis but a memory.

Again the pasture-lands we see
Where in the golden summer glow
We tended sheep in Arcady.

And hear the tender harmony
Of shepherd pipes that softly blow,
Although 'tis but a memory.

Nor thought of any end had we
As through the grasses to and fro
We tended sheep in Arcady.

So, what if life now empty be,
Of all the past this do we know,
Although 'tis but a memory,
We tended sheep in Arcady!

THE POET

For one great Queen who sits in majesty,
Untouched, austere, upon a golden throne,
The like whose loveliness was never known
Of ebony and rose and ivory,—
For her you weave a brodered tapestry
Rife with rich stains of every color-tone
Inwrought; while she immovable as stone
But watches pitiless and silently.

Yet, should this Queen of Beauty lift her arm
And take your brodered web,—ah, then the prize
The vast reward of all the scars and shame,
For in the moment as a mystic charm
The cloth is changed to porphyry, and lies
Forever on her breast a frozen flame!

TRISTESSE

If you were not away
These trees, this south-wind and this dreary day
Would all be mad with joyous ecstasy;
But you are gone, so mourning they with me
Find bitter-sweet in idle fantasy.
How glad, how mad, how gay,
If you were not away!

AVE ATQUE VALE—IN MEMORIAM
ARTHUR UPSON

IV

I stood today upon time's border-land
And looked far off across each rolling year,
Yet scarcely their great thunder did I hear
Nor marked the wreckage of the changing sand;
For one soft note persuasive did command
All other tones that reached my quickened ear,
And in that note a message low and clear
That I so plainly seemed to understand.

As in the saddened passing of fair things,
The sorrow of the sunset and the dawn,
For death that comes when life's hour least
should fail—
Ever the moment's hush of lifted wings,
A gleam of wonder ere the flood is gone . . .
The host uncovered from its mortal veil!

THE VOICE OF SILENCE

I

Not in the stress of noon's unshadowed tide
But where the dusk is vague with memory,
Down lonely lanes where dreams mayhap abide
Or far adrift on some unfathomed sea.
There for the moment, we who knew the flame
Of one sad day beside life's heedless stream
May, through the stillness, almost hear the same
Soft falling waters on the shores of dream.

II

Did we but always know that this were best,
These silent trees that guard the sunset's rim,
These old gray hills that once meant only rest
Nor wavered when our memory grew dim.

Yet now no loveliness may speed in vain,
No waste of dawn in youth's fast fading year,
Sweet with the tenderness of twilight rain
And wistful with the songs we did not hear.

IN THE FALL O' YEAR

I went back an old-time lane
In the fall o' year,
There was wind and bitter rain
And the leaves were sere.

Once the birds were lilting high
In a far-off May—
I remember, you and I
Were as glad as they.

But the branches now are bare
And the lad you knew,
Long ago was buried there—
Long ago, with you!

NOON-TIDE

As in some old and simple village street
Where all day long the lazy shadows lean,
And the soft sunshine sifting in between
Makes golden all the road-side at my feet;
Where overhead the arching branches meet

Holding me close with walls of cloistered green,
Where scents come homeward clover-lade and keen,
And ways are homely and the long hours sweet.

So ever at a moment's thought of you
Amid this moil, I seem again to stand
In an old lane where we were wont to pass —
Afar the hum of bees is wafted through,
The sleepy pastures smile on either hand,
And life lies dreaming in the tangled grass.

AT DUSK

A line of gold, a shade of withered rose
Amid the gray,— oh, just a little while
Before the night; as though day could not close
Its eyes in sleep without one last sweet smile.

TO YOU, DEAR HEART

To you, dear heart, whom I have never known
I sing my little songs all wonderingly
That sometime you may hear,— the sweet atone
For all the years and years of search alone —
That sometime you may hear and come to me.

So on I go a-singing down my way
With ne'er a thought of all the journey past,
For this I know — that on one perfect day
When everything is, oh so glad and gay,
You'll hear and come and claim your own, at last.

AN OLD SONG

Low blowing winds from out a midnight sky
The falling embers and a kettle's croon —
These three, but oh what sweeter lullaby
Ever awoke beneath the winter's moon.

We know of none the sweeter, you and I,
And oft we've heard together that old tune —
Low blowing winds from out a midnight sky,
The falling embers and a kettle's croon.

*Good-night ;
And may your barque of dreams in twilight
Float beneath a wooded hill
Upon a lake of gold, as still
As death. Good-night.*

*MURILLO**By* GEORGE B. ROSE

Artists generally believe that after they are dead their fame, if they are to have any, will be secure. But no hope could be more fallacious. Each generation seems to delight in casting down the idols of its fathers, often apparently from the mere delight in self-assertion. Amongst the greatest sufferers from this changefulness of men has been Murillo. Fifty years ago no artist was more esteemed. For his *Immaculate Conception* the Louvre paid the highest price that it has ever given for a picture. Since then his stock has steadily depreciated until he is now reckoned among the men of the third rank.

To what is this revulsion attributable? In the first place, to the ever-growing worship of Velasquez; then to the fact that he seeks beauty in an age that adores ugliness; and, thirdly, because he is said to lack originality of technique.

It is true that Velasquez is a very great painter; and there seems to be about him something that makes his devotees intolerant of others' claims. It is not surprising that those who love him with all their hearts cannot love

Murillo. Velasquez was not merely the greatest of all realists, but the most unmerciful. He was content to paint the world exactly as he saw it, with no desire to improve it. The sinister and degenerate faces of the court he portrays with no attempt at idealization. Even the monstrous in ugliness attracts him, and where he might have painted the beauties of Madrid, he preferred to limn the portraits of the hideous dwarfs that were kept for the royal entertainment. Those who love his pitiless realism too often find the idealism of Murillo with his keen love of beauty, particularly in woman, to be insipid. Spain is a land greatly blessed with female loveliness, a land of black-eyed houris whose beauty is a joy forever. None of these did Velasquez paint, but to Murillo they appealed with an irresistible fascination. As Madonnas and saints they appear in all his pictures, the delicious types of languorous beauty that we still find in Madrid and Seville, rendered with a truth that reveals them to be but idealized portraits. Few artists can show a series of more alluring female types than can Murillo; and he who loves as he should God's supreme masterpiece, woman's beauty, feels for him a debt of gratitude. He is one of the

great evokers of beauty, and as such his name is blessed. Without him, the woman of Spain, one of the fairest of created beings, would lack the proper herald of her charms, so rich with all the splendor of the South. What he would have accomplished but for the tyranny of the Inquisition in forbidding the representation of the nude we cannot say. The study of the nude is the life of art, and in being compelled to deal always with the draped figure, Murillo was at a terrible disadvantage as compared with his Italian rivals. The forms of the Spanish women are as beautiful as their faces and as characteristic; but alas! their charms were not for Spain's greatest champion of their sex.

But while in seeking his feminine types Murillo was an idealist, choosing the fairest for his models, and then, if possible, enhancing their charms, he was also an accomplished realist. His beggar boys are amongst the greatest masterpieces of realism.

But it is not the cruel realism of Velasquez that knows not love, and portrays the man with the calm indifference with which a naturalist studies an insect. It is a loving realism, like that of the Dutch. You can see that he loves these dirty beggars, that their tears go to

his heart, and that he paints them *con amore*, as the Dutchman paints his homely men and women.

It is true that Murillo is not a great technician like Velasquez, the inventor of a system of painting which none can imitate, which baffles the skill of Mr. Sargent and Whistler and Mr. Chase as completely as it does the merest tyro. His style of painting was based on that of the Italians of the Decadence. Yet it is not without merit and originality. He was no mere imitator. In any gallery of Italian decadents his pictures shines out conspicuous. His second and third manners are all his own, too smooth and facile to please the taste of critics of to-day, but supremely gracious and beautiful for all that. He is not a revolutionist, like Velasquez, striking out an entirely new path. He started where his contemporaries in Italy were working, but he advanced to a richness, a softness, a glow of color that are all his own, and which clearly differentiate his pictures from theirs.

The greatest of all artistic capacities, the one that brings the artist closest to the creative power of the Deity, is the power to realize,—to make his subject live again in flesh and blood, or in hill or plain or wave. This is not realism,

as it is generally considered, which means a preference for common and ugly things, but the power to infuse actuality into the form of god or man or into the outward aspect of the world. As it is the greatest, so is it the rarest of all gifts. Velasquez possessed it in a supreme degree. His sinister, commonplace or degenerate men and women live before our eyes as truly, as vividly, as when they trod the earth. Murillo has no such power, and so he cannot be classed with the supreme masters. But there are still many who protest against the disrepute into which he has fallen of recent years, and recall those types of gracious loveliness with which he has enriched the world forever, and which, if they cannot seat him among the mighty, give him a secure position in the affections of all lovers of beauty, particularly of the beauty of woman.

Recent Publications

HAROLD MACGRATH.—*A Splendid Hazard*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1910.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.—*Whirlpools*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1910.

SELMA LAGERLÖF.—*The Girl from the Marsh Croft*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1910.

F. BERKELEY SMITH.—*A Village of Vagabonds*. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1910.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.—*Orestes*. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 1910.

JOSEPHINE HELENA SHORT.—*Oberammergau*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1910.

EDWIN MILTON ROYLE.—*The Silent Call*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1910.

RALPH D. PAINE.—*The Head Coach*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1910.

The North German Lloyd Steamship Company

has issued a beautiful booklet—fully illustrated—

“HOW TO SEE GERMANY”

offering many suggestions of assistance in arranging a trip abroad and describing their service of One-Cabin steamers between

BALTIMORE — and — BREMEN

All who are in any way interested should send ten cents in stamps to

A. SCHUMACHER & CO.

General Agents,

Baltimore, Maryland

A Literary Problem Solved

MICHAEL MONAHAN, according to the *London Academy*,
is himself THE PAPYRUS.

WESTMINSTER (London) *Gazette* :—

Mr. Michael Monahan has the courage of his opinions ; he can write exceedingly well when he chooses to do so ; in some respects his style resembles that of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

EDWIN MARKHAM (in New York *American*) :—

Mr. Monahan has the gift that kings cannot give nor colleges grant—the gift of a beautiful style. For style comes with the man ; it is the gesture of the soul. So when Mr. Monahan draws a man or a book into the circle of this thought, the object, like a star in water takes a new beauty from his mind.

BOSTON *Transcript* :—

Mr. Monahan's philosophy of life is hopeful ; his style is strongly individual and personal, his morality is the morality of sympathy, the themes he presents deal with human souls, not mere externals.

CHICAGO *Post* :—

There is no periodical quite like the little personal PAPYRUS which Mr. Michael Monahan sends out each month from East Orange, N. J. Its appeal is the appeal of a personality that can truly be called charming. There is something ingratiating in Mr. Monahan's frank enjoyments and frank displeasures, and he is one of the few editors whose personal moods it is in the least possible to share.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year

East Orange :: :: New Jersey

EVERY work of art, whatever be its kind, small or great, expressed in form, song, or speech — every work of art, that is really beautiful or sublime, throws the soul into a gracious or austere dream which raises it towards the infinite. The infinite — there is the common goal to which the soul aspires on the wings of the imagination, as well as on the wings of reason, by the path of the sublime and beautiful as well as by the path of the true and the good. The emotion which beauty produces effects the soul on this side it is this beneficent emotion that art procures for humanity.

VICTOR COUSIN.